Ye drawing-rooms and palaces, I recogniyour spiendors, Your ladies bright an 1 ! cautiful-the power o

their defenders; The while I ereep across the field, and toil for

And see his roofs and minarets that sparkle in the distance. But well 'tis anown that in the soil your

foundations be-What would you do, what could you do, and were it not for me!

Unless I pierce the darkness where the golder Your bearing and your brightness will go

crumba by to the earth! So, drawing rooms and palaces, Lay by your social fallacies.

And listen for a moment, till you've heard the cheerful s mg

Ye rumbling manufactories, that form as bold And so divocr at cams of smoke aloft in ven-colored fountains.

I see your nery temper cleam, in flakes of cinders burning, I strike a spark of flinty fire, the bright salute returning

But think, how closely couple ! in our works are we: What would you make, what could you make

and were at not for me! I build you and I feed you and your servants all I keep; My stalks and bic ssoms toll for

others are asleep. So recognize my royalty, In bonest, earnest loyalty. And ree aburnished scepter in the sharp and

gleaming orong Of the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world alone!

Ye sallors of the argosles that miles of ocean measure.

Trade's never ceasing pendulums are swinging to your pleasure; Your cities decked with spire and dome. spite of waves and weather,

Go traveling from shore to shore, a thousand leagues together! And yet, from my unceasing toil, your gran deur is not free:

Where would you sail, where could you sail, and were it not for me? But little might those gallant flights to you or

others yield, If 'twere not for my voyages across the fertile So share my grins emotions,

Gallant plowmen of the oceans, And ring out a jolly chorus, and we'll make i loud and strong. For the old plow, the hold plow, that moves the world along!

Ye potentates of merchand se-ye traders and ye bankers. ? In whose capacious harbors Wealth is all its anchors:

I bow to your magnificence-I like and daring-Iknow your table luxuries-the jewels yo are wearing t

But lay saide your vanity, this humble truth What would you own, what could you owfl, and

were it not for met Look well I clothe the fallow-lands, and feed the cattle fold; You will not wear your iron, and you cannot

eat your gold! So drop all needless vanity, Good cash-boys of human ty: For your success is fastened, with a never-break-

ing thong, To the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along !

Ye legislators, governors, and dignitaries awful. Who make receipts for keeping men respectable

end lawful. Ve teachers and ve preachers, and you who the presses borrow.

To raise your beroes high to-day, and pull them Jown to-morrow; Ye workers in all sorts of brain-

How would you rule, how could were it not for me?

The monarchs of this Western marched behind the plow; The boys who yet shalls be the sa furraw now!

So bow to my utility. You men of brain-ability: And make me first and f. remost of the grea progressive throng, Yes, the old plow, the bold plow

the world along! Though simple my blography, 'twould fill ou many pages;

I was within a tree-top born, in very ages;

They dragged me in my infancy, of'r sleeping hill and bollow, But where I went, Prosperity was ever

follow-Rich harvests were the children of this bantling of a tree;

How would they grow, how could they grow. and were it not for men? So they shoul me and they armed me with th metal of the mines,

Till my lotus are iron-girded, and my breast as silver admost Bo crown me with sincerity

As mouarch of prosperity, And us the foremost enemy of famine, sham and wrang: I'm the old plow, the bold plow, that move

the world along! · is is well known, the first plows were made branches of a tree.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" said Honora May-

wood. "That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the thresheld of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket | zling skylights of some dry-goods palace. handkerchief, and a hair broom in her At all events, he's worse off than I am, hand, wherewith she gesticulated, after for he can't mend his own clothes, and I a tragic fashion, as she talked, while can." Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wiid lily, stood in the hall, with a roll Honora Maywood's little rosebud of a of music under her arm, and her figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl. "And he's willing to pay my price, cash, every Sunday night. Never attempted to beat me down a penny, if you'll believe it, my dear."

"Why should he?" said Honora. "Most people do, my dear," said Mrs. Penneypacker. "A wrinkled old widow like, me who has her living to earn, is

him. But he's a little particular I'm afraid."

"I suppose most old bachelors are," said Miss Maywood, smiling.

"Yes, my dear-yes!" nodded Mrs. Penneypacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think." "And it he is?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Pennypacker, making a dab with her broom handle at a stray moth miller which was fluttering blindly against the garnet damask window curtains: "nothing, except that one don't know where to have him. He drinks only English breakfest tea, and he wants his ple-crust made with the best Alderney butter, instead of lard, as good enough for other people; and he must have venti-Of the old place, the bald place, that moves the lators to all the windows, and an open grate, instead of the base burning

> fended my dear-but he particularly dislikes a piano." "Dislikes a piano?" said the little music teacher reddening in spit of her-

"And he says, says he: 'I hope, Mrs Pennypacker, that there is no piano in the house A piano,' says he, 'plays the deuce with my nervious system, with its everlasting turn, turn!" These were his words, my dear. So I courtesies, and says I: 'You'll not be troubled with one here sir.' And so, my dear, I'll be grateful if you won't mind doing your practicin' until he's out for his daily walk-from one to three, just as regular as a clock."

Miss Maywood looked piteously up in the landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs, Pennypacker," she said earnestly. "I havent' forgotten how much I am indebted to you, both in actual money and in kindness, which money can

never repay." And her soft blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Penneypacker, hastily. "You've been sick and you've got a little behind, and it's quite natural you should be a little lowspirited now and then. But you musn't get discouraged. Things will look up after a while. And you are quite welcome to stay on here until you're able to settle up your little account."

Honora Maywood sighed as she thought how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and and pupils. There are so many "capable music teachers, willing to give lessons at moderate prices" nowadays. and how was anyone to know how sorely she needed the money?

And as time went on and no pupils came, Honora began to ask herself seriously whether she should go out in some menial capacity, or stay genteelly at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am." Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged herself, like a human battering-ram, up against the door, with a preposterously large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But I-I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother, to-day."

"Mother didn't say nothin' 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her fore ead with a whisk of her feet, sniffing herself nearly off of her feet. "I was to leave the clothes with her 'umble duty, and she 'oped they'd suit; but it was that damp on Monday and Tuesday as starch wouldn't stick. And she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be done better next time."

"I daresay they are quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she courties on the part of her Milseian

But when Sally had stumped off down stairs, her flapping slippers beating a sort of tatoo as she went, and Miss Maycovered the basket of clothes, sae gave

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks, and turn-over collars, No. 16, and great big pecket handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and-goodness me! what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send

these things back at once." But then Miss Maywood looked down at the articles in grave consideration.

"I never had a brother," mused Miss Msywood; "and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certain, if I had either one or the other, I should thank a girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobes, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before night, and unfortunately I have nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor young fellow's clothes, whoever he may te. A haif-starved theological student, perhaps, training for the Polynesian

and-and" Islands; or, perhaps, a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk under the daz-

And the smiles dimpled around mouth, as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tapes, and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself, "but I daresay he'll be thankful; and if one can get a chance to do a little good in this world, one ought not to grudge one's time and He says that when about two-hundred trouble."

And as Honora stitched away she mused sadly whether or not she ought pearance of the sea. The water had n ware vessels. Burnt clay is a peculiarly mostly fair game for everybody. But to accept a position which had offered dark, muddy look, and was covered indestructible material, and where it honest man ought to covet defama-

gent.eman, my dear-every inch of asylum, where the work would be almost unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays nor holidays, and bass. Soon after entering this field and a ladies' committee consisting of of dead fish he observed a faint smoke fire. Fire may have been obtained by three starched old maids, to 'sit" upon her the first Friday of every month.

> "I almost think I'd rather starve," said Honora. "But, dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back, pufling and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours.

"Mother says she's sent the wrong basket," said she, breathlessly. "I thought it very probable, Sally,"

said Miss Maywood. "And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things any longer, Miss Maywood, 'cause she does a cash business, and Robson deemed it advisable to take reindeer antier. The reindeer, which there ain't nothing been paid on your

account since last Juno." stove; and-I hope you'll not be of-Honora felt herself turning scarlet. · I am verry sorry, Sally," said she. Tell your mother 1 will settle my bill

as soon as I possibly can." Sally flounced out of the room, red and indignant, like an overcharged thunder cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her head on her hands burst into tears.

"Pretty girl that-very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor to his landlady.

"Do you mean-"

"I mean the young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then." said Mr. Boderick. "Nice figure-big, soft eyes like a gazelle. Didn't some one tell me she was a music teach-

"That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and, poor little dear, she has but a hard time of it."

"Hump!" 'grunted Mr. Broderick What fools women are not to have a regular profession. If I had a daughter I'd bring her up a self-supporting institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into his room, in the midst whereof stood a girl with flappping slippers, a portentous shawl and bonnet, which had originally been manufactured for a woman twice It was therefore determined to return to

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Brod-

"Please, sir, I'm Sally-the washerwoman's Sally!" was the response. "And what do you want here?" said

Mr. Broderick. "Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," said Sally chattering off her lesson like a parrot. "And, please, sir, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll suit, but it was that damp and muggy, Monday and Tuesday, as

d Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eye had already caught sight of the dainty needlework upon his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em." said Sally, 'And mother she says it's easy to see as the new gent is a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels ane toes, and strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em.' said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty dear-Miss Maywood! And says she, 'I don't know whose they are. Mrs. Pennypacker; but,' says she, they need mending, and a kind action never comes amiss.' No more it does, sir, Lord bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick. "She's right-no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that geometry' couldn't produce a straighter line or truer angels. See the toe of that marvelled at this unexpected access of stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelin tapestry. That's the way I like to see things done."

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and he thanked her wood took off the fringed towel that with equal formality for the good offices she had unwittingly rendered him.

> It was a golden October evening tha Honora came down into the kitchen, where Mrs. Pennypacker was making pies for her eccentric boarder, with the crusts made of the best Alderney butter instead of lard.

. "Oh, dear! oh, dear," said Mrs. Mrs. Pennypacker, "what a thing it is to be an old bachelor."

"He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring as she laid her cheek on the good landlady's cushioning shoulder. "What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pen-

nypacker. "He has asked men to marry him," said Honora, "after only two weeks' accan mend stockings like I do needs no other test. And he says he loves me;

"Well?" "I almost think I love him!" whis ered Miss Maywood.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all through the magic influence of "Needles and

CAPT. ROBSON'S DISCOVERY.

He Finds a New Island in the Atlantic and New Orleans Picayune.

Yesterday the British steamship Jes mond, Capt. Robson, arrived at this port from Messina with a cargo of fruit. miles to the westward of Maderia his attention was called to the singular aphe never objected to my terms. A real itself as assistant matron in an orphan with dead fish as far as the eye could has once been in existence it is sure to | tion.

reach. They were of several species, among them being noticed mullet, cod, on the horizon nearly ahead, on the course of the vessel. Early next morning the captain was awakened by the second officer and informed that land reindeer, bears, and other a smals, had been sighted in the course of the was no land in this part of the Atlantic. that the report was correct. The dim in appearance than those of the Riveroutlines of an island, broken by moun- driftmen, though they were still chiptain peaks, were visible even without the use of the glass. Above it hung a ers and saws as well as as spears and cloud of smoke. The water was more turbid than on the previous day, and soundings, not expecting, however, to get bottom, as the charts show a depth of from 2,000 to 3,000 fathons in that portion of the Atlantic. For some time the sounding was without result, but suddenly the line brought bottom at fifty fathoms. When about four leagues distant from the island the Jesmond came to anchor in seven fathoms of grees 40 west minutes west, 25 degrees north. Capt. Robson determined to make an examination of the strange land, and the vawl was lowered and the captain and one of his officers were rowed to the island. A landing was effected on the low coast of the western border, where a convenient harbor was found for the vawl. The captain and several of the crew, with some difficulty, ascended the declivity. The promonitory seemed several

miles in length, and joined an extensive tableau, which sloped gently back to a chain of mountains at a great distance off, from which rose light columns of smoke. The surface of the ground was covered with pumice-stone and volcanic debris, and entirely destitute of vegetation. It was a tinguished from an ox or a bison. And desolate scene, where not a single their drawings are remarkable not only living thing was to be perceived. The captain and his companions started on a tour inland, but soon found their progress impeded by yawnig chasms. the beach and inspect the island from that side. While examining the base of the cliff where the rock was fractured and twisted as if by some tremendous convulsion, and disclosed a bed of breccia, a surprising discovery was made by one of the sailors. On thrusting the prong of a boat-hook into the loosened mass of gravel, he dislodged a stone arrow-head. Excited by this incident the search was continued, and and other articles of stone were discovered. A large excavation was made, and prouze swords, rings, hammers, carvings of heads and figures of birds and ani entire. The most singular thing brought to view was what appeared to be a mummy, contained in a stone case. It was so incrusted with volcanic deposits as to be scarcely distinguished from the rock itself. Much difficulty was experienced in dislodging the sarcophagus, which was finally taken out whole

and, with the fossils, transported to the steamer. Capt. Robson would have continued this investigation, but as the aspect of the weather became less favorable, and he could not afford to spend more time at the island, he sailed for this port. He considers that the new island was patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! 'Euclid's raised from the sea by volcanic action. and that the fish were killed by the poisonous gases from the volcano. The captain thinks that the new land is a section of the immense ridge known to exist in the Atlantic, and of which the Azores and Canaries are a part. He took pleasure in exhibiting the fossi's and curious articles of which he was the fortunate finder. The carved heads are in the Egyptian style of sculpturing, being distinguished by the veil or hood which characterizes Egyptian figures. The urns and vases are spherical with large mouths, and upon them may be discerned inscriptions in hierogly phics. The edges of the axes and arrow or spear heads are blunted and jagged. The sword is a straight weapon of

bronze, with a cross-hilt. "That is the mummy," remarked the captain, pointing to what the reporter had taken to be a long block of stone. Scrutinizing closely the lidless case, the outlines of a human figure could be traced through the coating of scorne and pumice. It will require careful handling to remove the coating. Capt. Robson proposes to present quaintance. He says that a girl who the relies to the British museum at London upon his return to Liverpool.

The Cave-Men.

John Fiske in May Atlautic. The bones and implements of the Cave-men are found in association with remains of the reindeer and bisor, the arctic fox, the mammoth, and the wool. y rhinoceros. They are found in great abundance in southern and central Englane, in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, and in every part of France, but nowhere as yet have their remains been discovered South of the Alps and Pyrenees. A diligent exploration of the Pleistocene caves of England and France, during the past twenty years, has thrown some light upon their mode of life. Not a trace of pottery has been found anywhere associated with their remains, so that it is quite clear that the Cave-men did not make earthen-

leave plentiful traces of itself. Meat was baked in the caves by contact with hot stones, or roasted before the blazing friction between two pieces of wood, or between bits of flint and iron pyrites. Clothes were made of the furs of bisons. rudely sewn together with threads of steamer. He was greatly surprised at reindeer sinew. Even long for gloves this information, knowing that there were used, and necklaces of shells and of bear's and lion's teeth. The Upon going on deck, however, he found stone tools and weapons were far finer ped, and not ground. They made borarrowheads: and besides those stone implements they used spears and ar the shoal of dead fish thicker. Capt. rows headed with bone, and daggers of thus supplied them with clothes and weapons, was also slain for food; and, besides, they slew whales and seats on the coast of the Bay of Biseav, and in the rivers they speared salmon, trout, and pike. They also appear to have eaten, as well as to have been eaten by, the cave-lion and cave bear. Many details of their life are preserved to us water. The island was located 28 de- through their extraordinary taste for engraving and carving. Sketches of reindeer, mammoths, horses, cavebears, pike and seals, and hunting and was fond of trying to do exactly scenes have been found by the hundred, incised upon antlers or bones, or some. times upon stone; and the artistic skill which they show is really astonishing. Most savages can make rude drawings of objects in which they feel a familiar interest, but such drawings are usually excessively grotesque, like a child's attempt to depict a man as a sort of figure eight, with four straight lines standing forth from the lower half to represent the arms and legs. But the Cave-men, with a piece of sharppointed flint, would engrave, on a reindeer antler, an outline of a urus so accurately that it can be clearly dis-

for their accuracy, but often equally so for the taste and vigor with which the subject is treated. Among uncivilized races of men now living, there are none which posses this remarkable artistic talent save the Eskimos; and in this respect there is complete similarity between the Eskimos and the Cave-men. But this is by nomears the only point of agreement between the Eskimos and the Cave men. Between the sets of tools and weapons used by the one and by the other the agreement is also complete. The stone spears and arrow-heads, the sewing-needles and skin scrapers, used by the Eskimos are exactly like the similar implements found in the Pleistocene starch wouldn't stick; and she 'opes it was ascertained that the opening led Caves of France and England. The you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be between the crumbling remains of what necklaces and amulets of cut teeth and "Who mended 'em?" ' demand- ber of articles were exhumed, such as equally close correspondence. The resemblences are not merely general, but they have grown three inches since yes extend so far into details that if mod- terday morning." mals, and two vases or jars with frag- era Eskimo remains were to be put in ments of bone, and one cranium almost European caves they would be indis- ful idea came into her mind. The remains of the Cave-men which are now found there. Now, when these facts grow so fast.

musk-sneep, which accompanied the ad- Susy ran to the root-house and picked vance of the Cave-men into Europe, is out a large flower pot, which she placnow tound only in the country of the ed at the end of the back porch steps Eskimos, though its fossil remains are opposite to which the orange stood. scattered in abundance all along a line stretching from the Pyrenees through Germany, Russin, and Siberia .- when her little spade she began digging up these facts are taken in connection, the the softearth. When she had loosened opinion of Mr. Dawkins, that the Cavemen were actually identical with the off her shoes and stockings and step-Eskimos, seems highly plausible. Noth- ped into the pot. Her plump little feet ing can be more propable than that, in early or middle Pleistocene times, the ed them in side by side, and shoveled Eskimos lived all about the Artic Circle, in Siberia and northern Europe as well as in North America; that during the coldest portions of the Glacial period they found their way as far south as the Pyrenees, along with the rest of the sub-artic mammalian fauna to which they belonged; and that, as the climate grew warmer again, and vigorous enemies from the south began to press into Europe and compete with them, they gradually fell back to the northward, leaving behind them the enumerable relics of their former presence, which we find in the late Pleistocene caves of France and England, Te Eskimos, then, are probably the s survivors of the Cave-men of the Ple tocene period: among the present p ple of Europe the Cave-men have

no representatives whatever. They were out sleighing. dear," said she, as she leaned a tender cheek on his manly checked uster, "why are these snow-flakes like your moustache?" Tais pleased him, own to have it noticed. "I don't know po," he murmured, innocently. "Why | re they?" "Because they are slow-com

> ing down." He drove with both hands after this. The baby's got the croup But Myrtle's on the stoop She is sitting in the shadow of the vines, By her side a young man stands, He has large and ham-like hands.

In the gloaming still they sit, Myrtle's bang does coyly fit To the shoulder that supports her little head; Papa's standing in the hall, Pretty soon he'll loudly call; Send that sucker home, and get yourself to

And one arm around her waist he gently twine

Excess of ceremony is always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in strong soil. From the manuer in which praise and blame are dealt out in this world, an

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE DRILL. my and Navy Journal, Present arms!" there they are, Both stretched out to me-Strong and sturdy, smooth and white,

Fair as arms can be. "Ground arms!" on the floor. Picking up the toys, Breaking oll within his reach,

Buy'est of boys. "Right wheel!" off his cart, "Left wheel !" too, is gone, Horsey's head is broken off, Horsey's tall is torn.

"Quiex step?" "Forward march!" Crying too, he comes; Had a buttle with the cat-"Scratched off bofe my fums!"

"Shoulder arms!" here at last, R und my neck they c'ore, Poor little soldier boy Off to quarters goes

A Funny Little Plant.

"You are too little, daughter; you must wait till you are a big girl before you can go out evenings." Or-

"No, dear; it is not suitable for little girls! When you are older you can have it."

It seemed to poor little Susy she was a ways hearing something like this. She was the only child in the family, what big folks did. And she got very tired of being told she was too little to do this thing, or that thing.

Papa said, "You are not big enough to rice the pony yet, dear."

Mamma said, "When you are a little taller you can water all the plants on the stand, Susy."

Aunty said, "I'd like to take her with me, but she's so little she'd be tired to death."

Grandma said, "That sweetment is entirely too rich for the child; she ought not to touch it."

Susy tried everything she had ever heard of to make little girls grow fast. She was told that going to bed early would do it, and one bright summer afternoon she went to bed at five o'clock. It seemed about a week to her usual bed-time, and, after all, when she looked in the glass in the morning she could not see that she was one bit taller.

She had hoped that when she went down stairs her mamma would raise her hands and say-

"Dear me! I must set the ruflles of Susy's dresses down; she does grow so

She had heard that rain and sunshine made the flowers grow, and she satfout doors, first in one and then in the other. till she came near having the croup and sunstroke. And still no one ever exclaimed, "How that child does grow!" One morning in early summer she

followed her mamma about the garden.

flower-pot; that must be what made it are taken in connection with the facts She said nothing to mamma, but waitthat the Cave-men were an arc- ed until she gave the tree a good sprinktic race, and especially that the ling and went into the house. Then

> I'll be growing at one end and the orange at the other," said Susy. With up what she thought enough she took hardly had room enough, but she crowd-

some earth on them. It was very hard work. She came near topling over several times-and then found she had not enough earth dug up, and that she could not dig while standing in the flower pot. It by the time that she had filled in nearly to her knees and patted the earth smooth on top, her poor little back was almost broken.

But she stood straight up, feeling very proud and happy, and smiled over at the orange tree. "Now," she said, "I must wait for mamma to come and sprinkle me, and

wish she'd hurry." It was not easy standing there. Her feet were cramped and aching, and the sun was getting very hot. The orange tree did not seem to mind it at all; its bright, shining leaves smiled back a Susy, looking as if they had lived on

sunshine all their lives and liked it. "If I only had something to lean against!" said poor Susy. "All the vines lean against the trellis-that's because they get tired of standing alone. I wish I was near a trellis—but plants advertisement in the paper that persons can't walk. I wish mamma'd come who were of his belief might know o and sprinkle me-I know I'd feel better then." She had been placted only about half an hour, but it seemed a nut half a day. She wondered how long she would have to stay there before she

grew three inches. "I might sit down, I suppose," she presently said, looking at the step. never saw plants sitting down, but I know they would if their backs ached like mine. "She almost tipped over in trying it, but at last managed to seat herself and rest her tired little head on the step next above.

More than an hour later, mamma becan to wonder what kept Susy quiet so

her, "what in the world are you doing,

Susy rubbed her sleepy eyes and looked around. Then she was wide awake in a minute, and got herself up again

as quickly as she could. "I'm growing, mamma! Look, am I any bigger yet? Am I three inches

bigger?" Mamma laughed till Susy's head wilt-

ed away down. "Come, daughter," she said, "take your dear little feet out of that earth;

you'll eatch cold." "But I want to grow, mamma, I'm going to be a plant, and I want you to sprink o me."

"I think you will find it nicer to be a

little girl, Susy, and let God make you grow in his own way. It's time to get ready for dinner, dear." "I'd like to stay here a little longer please, mamma. "Can't you let Nora

bring me something to eat?" "Why. Susy, plants never get anything to cat but water and sunshine and

earth, you know." Susy had never thought of this. She had had quite enough sunshine already, and thought water would make a very poor dinner.

She sat down on the step and giving her feet a jerk was a little girl in a mo ment, and followed her mamma to the bath-room.

THE FAITHISTS.

People Who Worship Jehovah and Eat No

Meat.

New York Herald. The society of Faithists is the name of religious organization which has been established in this city over a year. Dr. J. B. Newbrough, a druggist, of No. 128 West thirty-fourth street, is its secretary, and the meetings are held at his house every Sunday and on one other evening during the week. An advertisement in a morning paper, asking that "all worshippers of Jehovah that are vegetarians" should call at No. 128 West Thirty-fourth street, led a World reporter to call on Dr. Newbrough. "We are few in numbers," he said, ficient strength to hold them public. We are not Christians, we are vegetari-

"and our meetings are not open to outsiders, but we hope in time to gain sufans. For a number of years some of us have felt we needed some religion, but we could not accept the tenets of the Christian religion, or of any other religion." The Christian ministers and congregations are not true to themselves. They say: "Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor," but they don't do it; neither do they practice the preaching: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' A small number of us, I say, had frequently met and communed together. All were intelligent persons, and "How wonderfully fast this orange there was scarcely one of us who had done better next time, sir-please sir." must have been massive walls. A num- daggers made from antier, show an tree grows!" seid mamma. "Look, not traveled in every country on the Susy, at those fresh shoots; I do believe globe. We had studied carefully every form of worship, took what good we could find in each, and made up our so-Susy looked, and a new and delight- ciety. Since its organization it has increased considerably, and we now have tinguishable in appearance from the orange tree was growing in an eartien thirty-four members, about half of whom are women. There are organizations also in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, but they are smaller than ours. Our form of worship is very similar to that of ordinary prayer meetngs. We meet together to worship Jehovah. The real intention of our society is to practice what Christian churches preach. We denounce war because we think it wrong, and we forswear liquor and tobacco because we consider them opposed to the highest order of existence. We are vegetarians, because we have learned by experience, in lands where vegetarianism is prevalent, that its supporters are much the most moral and free from the ordinary passions of humanity, and are also the freest from cutaneous diseases. Vegetarians are also the most polite and civil of people. We are a brotherhood. Whatever I have any of the society is perfectly welcome to. We look out for one another, and have the same interest was too bad to disturb her feet, but she in one another that we have in ourhad to get out and begin over again. selves. We borrow from everything that is good. We get the idea of abjuring war from the Shakers. From the Freemasons (and we are nearly all each meeting before our worship begins.

Freemasons) we have taken the practice of asking after every member at We always know just why a member is absent. If he is sick everything is done for him. We are very particular about then I shall begin to grow. She will those we admit, for we want to be sure pour water on my feet too, Dear me! I that we are all of one mind as to worship and form of life. We do not trouble ourselves about hell. We believe simply in living in this earth the purest and best lives possible. Dr. Newbrough said that he had met a great many people who had believed just as he does about religion, and were anxious to join the society, but they

> the society. There's too much horse-racing at your agricultural fairs," remarked Parson Jones to the secretary of the county society. "I should like to know, sir, what horse-racing has to do with agriculture." "Well, Parson," replied the secretary with a pleasant smile, "nothing, perhaps, or, at least, no more than church lotteries have to do with the spreading of the Gospel." Parson Jones saw the point and changed the conver-

would not give up their beer or their

ale or their cigars. He had no fear, however, about the society's increasing in membership fast. He inserted the

sation immediately. The brain is a very hungry thing i deed, and he who possesses it mulong, and went into the garden to see. | constantly feed it by reading or it will "Why, Susy!" she cried, as she saw shrivel up or fall asleep.